



OUR MAGAZINE PAGE



Varying Lights on Our Statesmen at the National Seat of Government---Many Things of Interest to Women Folks---Newest Fashion Wrinkles---Fun For Children



Gossip From Washington

"THE most abject slaves of a political boss will revolt if their slavery is hung in their faces," says Representative McKellar of the Memphis (Tenn.) district. He cites his first campaign as an example.

He was stumping in the hallways of his rival when he amazed his audience by stating he did not expect their votes. "No longer ago than yesterday," he said, "my opponent informed me that he carried all your votes but four in his vest pocket and they would all be cast against me." Then McKellar called for a show of hands from those whose votes reposed in his rival's vest pocket. Not a hand went up.

"And I carried that town by a fine majority," says McKellar with particular pride every time he tells the story.

Representative Murdock of Kansas says the best advice he ever received in regard to public speaking was from a hack driver. After making one of his maiden speeches in Kansas he was being driven to the railway station by the polite liverman.

"Like the speech?" asked Victor.

"Yeh," answered the driver: "only you'd get more hand claps if you'd always put the names at the last when you say anything."

Victor didn't understand, so the driver explained:

"You spoke of Henry Clay and Grant and James G. Blaine, and then went on to tell about what they did. You ought to go over the things they did and then say, 'That's what was done by Clay and Grant and James G. Blaine.' Always put the names last, and the crowd'll take more interest."

Senator Charles S. Thomas of Colorado tells this story of a wonderful echo:

"A guide was taking a party of tourists by coach through the mountains west of Denver. As they descended the side of a steep canyon he halted the coach and requested his passengers to alight. Then, ranging them up along the roadside, he spoke:

"In this canyon is the most remarkable echo in the state, probably the most wonderful in the United States. Listen!"

"Forming his hands like a megaphone, he shouted across the empty void of the canyon:

"Hello-o-o-o-o!"

"In a few seconds there came from the opposite side of the canyon in tones like a human voice the reply:

"Hello-o-o-o-o!"

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the members of the party.

"Listen to this," said the guide, proud of his little show, and again raising his hands to his mouth he shouted:

"What are y' doing over there?"

"And from the tangled thicket that clothed the opposite wall the echo answered:

"None o' your business!"

According to Representative William S. Greene of Massachusetts, William C. Redfield, secretary of the department of commerce, is the discoverer of the "Bombay derby" style of headgear.

Some years ago, he says, Mr. Redfield went to Bombay to sell bowlers, and so successful was his mission that he got to asking exporters desirous of extending their trade, "Have you tried Bombay?"

"Secretary Redfield," remarked Representative Greene, "wants to extend our foreign commerce. There can be no doubt of that. He was discussing the matter with a maker of derby hats.

"Where do you sell most of your product?" asked Mr. Redfield.

"Well," was the response, "we sell heavily in England, but can't get into other countries because of the tariffs."

"Ah, my friend," exclaimed Mr. Redfield, slapping the caller on the knee, "have you tried Bombay?"

"Yes," said the Connecticut man; "we have tried Bombay. Over there under their form of religious worship the men wear turbans, and they wouldn't know what to do with derby hats if you presented a shipload to them."

In a few minutes I had gone out and brought in a woman and, throwing a few sticks on the fire, by the renewed light looked to see what manner of creature she might be. Her age was about forty. I drew a comfortable chair to the fire and when she had seated herself asked for an explanation.

"I was a fool," she said. "I wrecked my life and Tom's. I was like a young colt, wild in doin' what I reckoned on doin', just like the colt 'll run agin a barbed wire. Twenty years ago to-night Tom Griggs and I was to occupy this house after our wedding. The day we was to have been married we had a spat, and I hitched up my father's nag and drove to my aunt's over in the next county. There I got shot o' my freak, but thought I'd wait for Tom to come and bring me back. He never came. Then I heered that Tom had shot up the house he'd built and furnished for us and gone no one knew where.

"Since then every anniversary of what was to have been the wedding night I've come, thinkin' Tom might come to visit it too. When I saw you lyin' on the lounge tonight I thought for sure it was him. I've been here twenty times, and he hasn't come."

I spoke some words of comfort, but I saw that they had no effect. Before leaving I took his name and on reaching the city commenced a systematic search through an agency and at the end of six months was rewarded in finding my man in the far west.

When I went on my next hunting trip the following autumn before entering the forest I stopped at the deserted house. I found it the abode of a reunited couple who had lost the best years of their lives through a freak. However, they were making up for lost time. I have never met a more devoted pair.

An Old Favorite Long, Long Ago.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear
Long, long ago, long ago.

Now you are come all my grief is removed.
Let me forget that so long you have roved.
Let me believe that you love as you loved
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget
Long, long ago, long ago.

Long, long ago, long ago!
Then to all others my smile you preferred.
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word.
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard
Long, long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised
Long, long ago, long ago.

Long, long ago, long ago!
But by long absence your truth has been tried.
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.

COMMENDABLE ECONOMIES.

Using Old Table Linen to Advantage

In the Making of Smaller Pieces. Every one is not so economical as the woman who saves her flour bags, cuts them open and hems them for pot towels, and also makes her salt bags serve for dishcloths, but it is wise to cut out the worn parts of the dish towels, put three thicknesses together and run them on the machine to make them serve as dishcloths.

Old tablecloths that have been darned and patched over and over again may be utilized. The best part of these can be cut out and used as napkins to lay under boiled fish or potatoes, or they may serve as washcloths.

Worn face or bath towels should be cut and made into towels for children who need a small size. An old stair carpet can be hidden by linen crash, which can be washed frequently.

Later, the crash can be used for scrub cloths, so that it serves a second purpose.

Every effort which helps to reduce the sum total of repairs and replacements is not only a saving in itself, but is an inspiration to other economies which assist so materially to prevent the continued lightening of the housekeeper's purse.

EVERYDAY PHILOSOPHY.

What an easy and delightful thing it is to make others happy! To have suffered much is like knowing many languages.

He who cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must one day pass, for all have need to be forgiven.

In all evil speaking he who listens is the accomplice of the one who speaks ill.

Many by being thought to be better than they were are made better.

Kind words are the golden rivets that help to hold together the shattered vase of human happiness.

If you would be of use in the world think of yourself last. Talent develops best in solitude, but character in the stream of busy life.

It is not the suffering but the cause that makes the martyr.

COATS FOR MOTORING.

Most of the New Topcoats Are Made Without Belts.

Cheviot, tweed and other rough fabrics are used for topcoats for motoring, traveling and sports. For afternoon wear broadcloth and woolen duvetyne come in for much use. The evening coats, that are really classified as topcoats, are made of satin and velvet, brocade and various kinds of silk.

Most of the new topcoats are made without a belt, but some are loosely belted well below the waist. Afternoon coats of broadcloth often have a wide, soft, loose girdle of satin, which is run through inch wide straps of the cloth and is fastened in the front or at the side under a big metal or braided ornament.

Standing collars of the fabric of the coat are perhaps smartest for topcoats for rough wear. Fur collars are much used on afternoon coats, fur collars that are either flat or rolling. The coats usually button close about the throat, a feature to be regarded with approval.

One interesting collar arrangement is shown on a tweed coat. It is a broad green velvet collar that lies loosely over the shoulders at the sides and in the back. On one side is a little tab on which is a big button, and on the other side is a corresponding tab through which a buttonhole is worked. When this coat is worn in cold weather the wide, soft velvet collar is crushed about the neck and buttoned securely.

On some of the new coats and on many of the afternoon and evening capes there are high collars of the di-retroire cut. On one evening cape of purple satin a little chain made of satin links was looped from one side of the collar to the other under a jeweled ornament.



A Classical Instance.

Funny Quips of The Smile Makers



Hercules—I love you. Will you be mine?
Omphale—Yes, but you must give up your club.

Plenty of Jaw.

Two cockies, "Hides" were discussing each other publicly. One said something about the other's "jaw" or "jore." "Garn," answered her opponent, "you've got enough jaw for two sets of teeth, you 'ave."

A Horse on Him.

College Youth (writing to father)—Dear Dad—Send me \$500. Money makes the mare go.
Father (by return mail)—Yours received. I inclose \$50. That ought to be enough for a jackass.

Fillet Mesh Veils.

Many new nose veils are shown in the popular fillet mesh, says the Dry Goods Economist. One of special interest has an inch wide woven silk border which, when worn, has the effect of black velvet ribbon. Many original border designs in velvet and chenille dots are featured.

A fillet novelty of interest is the mask veil, which has an all over design arranged so as to cover the face, while the ends of the veil are of plain mesh.

Fillet meshes decorated with huge velvet squares are also being featured by the exclusive trade in this market.

Father's Dilemma.

"How's the family?" a fond parent was asked.
"Well, my children are at a difficult age now."

"Difficult? Why, they've all passed the measles and teething stage, have they not?"

"Long ago. But you don't know a father's troubles. My children are at the age where if I use slang my wife says I'm setting a bad example, and if I speak correctly the kids think I'm a back number. Which would you do?"

Fur Trimmings on Suits.

The Dry Goods Economist says that a notable feature of the new suits is the amount of fur trimming which is being employed. Collars and cuffs of fur are particularly desirable. In some instances narrow bands of fur edge the entire coat. In some of the more expensive suits fur trimming is being used on the long tunics.

Among the furs which are being favored is beaver, which is considered very smart this season. Skunk, mink, chinchilla, squirrel, ermine, broadtail, Hudson seal, monkey and fitch are all being employed on the new winter suits.

WEATHERED OAK CHINA CLOSET FOR THE MISSION DINING ROOM



ATTRACTIVE CHINA CABINET FOR MISSION DINING ROOM.

THE built-in china closet which is a feature of this dining room is an attractive example of the mission style. It is well arranged for the housewife's needs since it is both wide and deep. The leaded glass doors have small square panes of glass set in. The wide top of cabinet may be used as a shelf for bric-a-brac. The wood is dark oak, which harmonizes with the quaint old fashioned sideboard and other furnishings of the room.

WINGED HATS FOR WINTER

White hats have not lost their favor. For winter they will be worn made of the materials suitable for the season. The one shown here is a dressy model in white satin with two gracefully



WHITE WINTER HAT.

poised white wings. The use of large wings adjusted at the sides of hats in daring style is a feature of winter millinery modes.

Scalloped Cabbage and Potato.

Take equal quantities of cold cooked potatoes and cabbage. Mash the potatoes thoroughly and chop the cabbage fine. Mix them well together and put in a saucepan with a little butter or drippings. When the fat has become thoroughly blended with the vegetables put into a greased pie dish and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Turn out and serve very hot.

HANDMADE RUGS.

Easily Made and Both Substantial and Attractive.

Handmade woolen rugs are as popular as ever, and once one starts to make one the work becomes really fascinating. Where the canvas, wool, etc., are bought, directions and illustrations of patterns and how to carry them out can be obtained by asking. The softest tones of green, blues, pinks, etc., are to be found in the wool.

A special little book, with a clip to hold the wool, which is cut in lengths of about three inches, is used in the making, a knot being formed in the canvas, leaving the cut ends uppermost. It is quickly learned, and rugs so made will last a number of years.

They are suitable for any room in the house and are particularly good and substantial looking, besides being quite inexpensive.

Sheer Velvets Are Here.

Velvets are becoming sheer. This is not surprising news to any one, for a material of the kind brought out early last spring was the straw which showed in which direction fabrics were going. Therefore the sight of that newest among autumn materials—velvet ribbon mousseline—is not astonishing.

IF YOU WOULD BE LUCKY—

Don't spill salt.

Don't break a looking glass.

Don't start new work on a Friday.

Don't turn back when you have once left a room or started on a journey.

Don't put your shoes on the table.

Don't cross your knives.

Don't walk under a ladder.

Don't wear green.

Don't pick up your own umbrella should you chance to let it fall.

Don't look at the moon over your left shoulder or through glass when it is new.

FLOWERS THE RAGE.

A Large One on the Left Hip Is Now Ultra Chic.

There is seemingly no abatement in the popularity of artificial flowers. They are placed irregularly on the skirt under tulle tunics, and they are used at the shoulders singly or in the form of straps. A white satin evening frock is held over the shoulders with straps of deep yellow roses. The flowers band the waist, edge the lace capes and rest pertly on the left hip.

That is the really new position for the artificial flower—at the front of the left hip. And it must be a big, conspicuous flower, too, to be truly smart.

A pink satin evening frock, much trimmed with silver gauze, shows a big magenta flower fastened on the left hip on the tulle tunic.

Not yet has the boutonniere for the street suit appeared on the left hip. That is still worn on the left shoulder.

How to Be Successful.

Don't complain.

Don't demand sympathy.

Don't say you are unlucky. You are as lucky as you think you are, and opportunity is always at your door.

Don't think you would succeed better somewhere else than where you live.

Don't waste time on self pity.

Don't be persuaded that you must be absolutely healthy before you start to work. You may find health in your work.

Don't stay in an employment which really is a detriment to your health. If you are brave enough to try you will find something better suited to your needs.

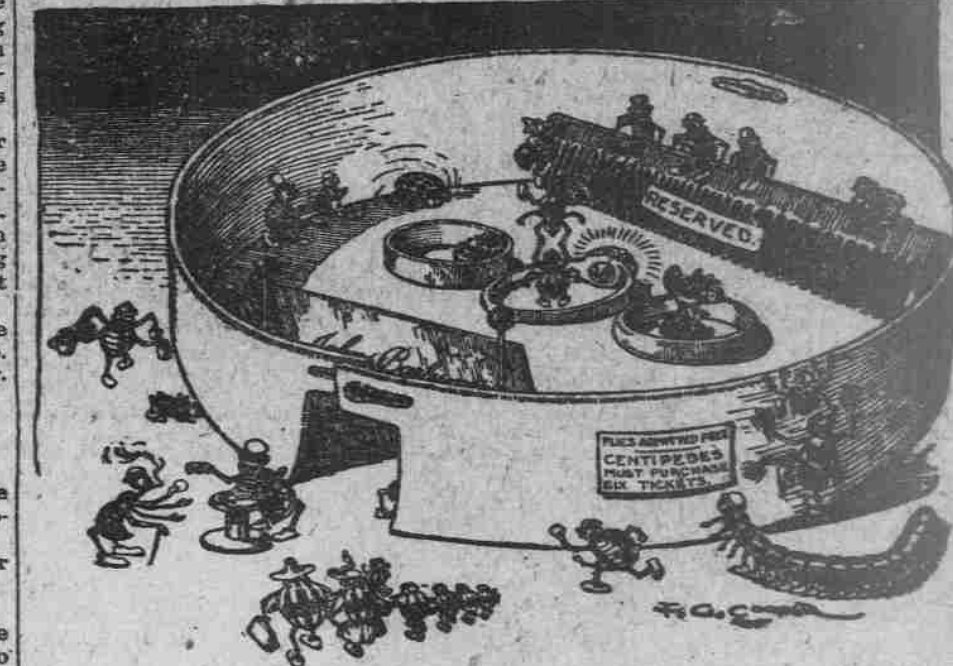
Work with a goal before you. Don't be satisfied with your own degree of efficiency or knowledge. You can always acquire more.

Flowered Stockings.

Some of the newest stockings have gay flowers printed from knee to ankle. They are only intended to wear with evening frocks and shoes. Roses a couple of inches in diameter, marguerites and nasturtiums cover the whole fabric of the stocking.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Big Show In Bugville.



Ticket Seller—Step right up, ladies and gents. This is the last time our mammoth three ring circus will be in the city for years.

Behandings.

Behend a household necessity and leave an apartment; raveled silk and leave a failure.

Answer—B-room; f-loss.

Enigma.

We are airy little creatures. All of different voice and features. One of us in glass is set. One of us you'll find in jet. One of us is met in tin. And the fourth a box within. If the last you should pursue It can never fly from you.

Added Letter Puzzle.

Add a letter and change perfected into a sudden pain, commanded into insignificance, yes into merry, a large cord into to feel one's way, slim into to gather, a drink into a high wind, destruction into polish, a boy into pleasure, the edge into sour, to grate into to catch, an animal into to yawn, a nautical term into merriment, a plant into a fruit.

Answer: Ripe, gripe; bade, badge; ay, gay; rope, grope; lean, glean; ale, gale; loss, gloss; lad, glad; rim, grim; rasp, grasp; ape, gape; lee, glee; rape.

Today's Short Story The Forest Cabin

A LIGHT far away in the valley shone blood red in a background of darkest green. Used, as I had been for weeks, to the uninhabited forest where I had been hunting, I wondered what could cause fire where there were no human beings to kindle it. Then I thought it a burning building. Suddenly it occurred to me that it was the red October sun shining on window glass.

Half an hour later I came to the house I sought. It was a neat cottage, surrounded by a fence enclosing half an acre of ground. No lamp was lighted within. Indeed, the closing of most of the shutters denoted that there were no occupants. Moving the slats of the blinds so that I could look into the living room, I made out in the dim light that it was furnished.

It was not difficult to effect an entrance. Lighting the fire in the living room, I drew the lounge directly before it and sank to sleep.

"Tom!"

The word sounded like a woman's call. Starting up, I looked about for the speaker; but, seeing no one, I lay down, thinking I had dreamed. But sleep did not come again. Happening to turn my eyes toward a window, I saw between the slats of the blind a pair of eyes. I sat up, my eyes fixed on those peering through the slats.

"It can't be you, is it, Tom?"

There was sadness in the words.

"No, I am not Tom."

The only reply was a sob.